

The Holt County Sentinel.

47TH YEAR.

OREGON, MISSOURI, FRIDAY, DECEMBER 8, 1911.

NUMBER 31.

Rain Upon the Roof.

When the humid shadows hover
Over all the starry spheres,
And the melancholy darkness
Gently weeps in rainy tears,
What a joy to press the pillows
Of a cottage chamber bed,
And to listen to the patter
Of the soft rain overhead!

Every tinkle on the shingle
Has an echo in the heart;
And a thousand dreamy fancies
Into busy being start.
And a thousand recollections
Weave their bright hues into woe,
As I listen to the patter
Of the rain upon the roof.

Now in fancy comes my mother
As she used to, years ago,
To survey her darling dreamers
Ere she left them till the dawn:
Oh! I see her bending o'er me
As I list to this refrain
Which is played upon the shingles
By the patter of the rain.

Then my little seraph-sister,
With her wings and waving hair,
And her bright-eyed cherub brother—
A serene, angelic pair—
Glide around my wakeful pillow
With their praise or mild reproof,
As I listen to the murmur
Of the soft rain on the roof.

And another comes to thrill me
With her eyes delicious blue;
And forget I, gazing on her,
That her heart was all untrue:
I remember but to love her
With a rapture kin to pain,
And my heart's quick pulses vibrate
To the patter of the rain.

Art bath naught of tone or cadence
Naught of music's magic spell,
That can thrill the secret fountain
Whence the tears of sorrow well
Like that weird nocturne of Nature,
That subdued, soothing strain
Which is played upon the shingles
By the patter of the rain.

—Constance Kinney.

The Late J. C. Wyatt.

There will be general regret throughout this section of our state over the death of John Cavan Wyatt, of St. Joseph, whose helpful and energetic career was brought to a close at his home in St. Joseph, Wednesday, of last week, Nov. 29, 1911, at the age of 66 years, sixty-three of which he had spent in St. Joseph, and thirty-five of these he was an active member of the Townsend & Wyatt mercantile firm.

As a member of this firm he was known to an unusually large public, and we believe his personal acquaintance was perhaps as extensive as any other individual merchant of that city.

To know him was to be instantly impressed with the pleasant activities of his mind, and with his pronounced faculty of bringing people of many kinds close to him. He was strikingly urbane in manner—and there was always the conviction that his urbanity was based upon sincere qualities, and a broad liking for the greatest possible number of his fellow men.

He had the fine gift of realizing what quality means; and despite an incessant round of duties, he was ever too hurried to be friendly, even with those who served in the humblest capacities. He was a "business man," but he had discovered that there may be pleasant intercourse and friendliness, even in the heart of business affairs. It was never "Cav's" money that talked. It was the truly democratic and genial man, ready always to recognize a mutual interest, or trait, or experience, in those with whom he came in contact.

And he was of the good clan who make the wheels go, and who know that a city thrives when business becomes an expression of personality, and a final aim in life, rather than a means to an end. The whole trend of his life—in his every day affairs—in his obligations and duties to his church; to his God—to his fellow man. The whole trend of his life was upward; his influence was ever upward.

If such a man as Mr. Wyatt needed any monument, his years of persistent work in helping to build up St. Joseph's commercial interest, and his long life of devoted work and helpfulness to the cause of Christ would constitute a memorial "more enduring than bronze." If any man should start out with the distinct purpose of deserving well of St. Joseph and this entire section of our state he could do no better than emulate the achievements of John Cavan Wyatt.

—Is your neighbor a neighbor or is he only a near dweller? If he is not a neighbor, why is he not? Is he to blame or are you? These are very important problems and in order that we may live on the very best of terms with neighbors, we should know the reason for any estrangement. It is better to make concessions than to be engaged in neighborhood broils. It is better to be on good terms with a neighbor than to be on bad terms with him, even if it does cost something.

BIGELOW'S FIRE VISITATION

Bigelow Narrowly Escapes Being Wiped Off the Map Early Sunday Morning.

Between two and three o'clock, Sunday morning last, December 3, 1911, the alarm of fire was sounded at Bigelow, and in a wonderfully short time the citizens were at the scene of the conflagration, and it seemed for an hour as if the entire town would be wiped out, so intense was the heat, and so persistent were the flames' ravages.

Heroic and persistent work, however, told, and in due time the flames were gotten under control, but not until approximately \$25,000 in property had been destroyed.

The fire was discovered in the large frame store building, located on the north end of Front street, just west of the railroad track, and is owned by Henry Ideker, of Corning, and was occupied by the J. P. Waters Mercantile Company, who carried a general stock of merchandise, including hardware. The stock is valued at \$5,000, and had some insurance, the amount we did not learn. The building is valued at \$2,500 with no insurance.

The second building reached by the fire was the bank building of the Bigelow Bank. It was completely gutted of its furnishings, but the vault protected its valuables and all its books, and papers were saved and found intact. By human effort, their large Corless safe was taken out through the plate front by log chains and ropes, and scarcely marred in the least. The building is valued at \$2,500 and fixtures at \$1,500 with \$3,000 insurance. Although the fire seemingly put the bank off the map, the splendid spirit of enterprise was shown by its cashier, Geo. Poynter, and the directors, by their prompt decision to open for business the Monday morning following, by occupying space in the McKee general store, and they are ready to do business, just as if nothing out of the ordinary had occurred.

The third building destroyed was that of the large, double frame store building, occupied and owned by Poynter & Walker, who carried a large stock of general merchandise, valued at \$8,000, with \$3,000 insurance. The building was valued at \$2,000, on which was \$1,000 insurance.

The next building to be consumed by the fire's ravage was the barber shop and residence of G. M. Larrabee, and built of corrugated iron. The building and contents were valued at \$1,500 with \$1,000 insurance.

This is the third extensive fire in the history of our sister city, in which large and heavy losses were sustained, but the fire of Sunday last was the largest in valuation to have occurred there.

August 12, 1906, on Sunday the large store building owned by Jno. L. Chuning, and occupied by Frank Friede, as a general store was destroyed by fire, entailing a loss of \$8,000, on both stock and building.

February 14, 1907, on Thursday, fire visited the same part of town and along the same street as that which occurred on Sunday last, December 3. It started in the Catron drug store just south of the bank, destroying the stock owned by Mr. Catron, and the building owned by Sherman Noll. The fire continued south, destroying the Hogan restaurant, Osborn's meat market and a small residence, and the "Commercial" boarding house kept by Charles Yount. The total loss was estimated at \$10,000.

Thus within the past six years Bigelow has suffered in a commercial way by the destruction of \$43,000 in property—buildings and stock.

In addition to these more destructive fires, the town and surrounding country have suffered more or less from fires:

Asher, W. B.: residence damaged Jan. 21, 1903.

Bridge between Mound City and Bigelow, March 19, 1911.

Brinegar, H. C.: residence, Nov. 14, 1900.

Brown, E. A.: tenant house, March 26, 1903.

Brown, E. A.: barn and several head of horses, Nov. 6, 1904.

Bottom fires, week of March 25, 1911, destroyed much hay, and fencing.

Box car used as a repair shop, Dec. 17, 1901.

Brisk, J. H.: tenant house, damaged, Dec. 7, 1902.

Bridgeman, Tom: residence, damaged, Dec. 23, 1910.

Catron, Chris.: residence, Jan. 28, 1895.

1895.

Catron, Chris.: residence, April 20, 1893.

Choate, Mrs.: residence damaged, Feb. 8, 1905.

Chuning, J. L.: residence damaged, Nov. 7, 1902.

Depot damaged, Dec. 25, 1910.

Freeman, Ben: barn, grain, etc., March 22, 1911.

Hunt, Link: residence, Dec. 9, 1905.

Hansher, Joe: residence, Feb. 2, 1910.

Hinkle, James: barn, July 14, 1908.

Haighler, Harry: lot of hay, March 8, 1898.

Long, W. H.: residence, Jan. 7, 1873.

Long, Isaac: residence, July 11, 1896.

Long, Isaac: barn, April 7, 1893; Ed Schoonover lost fine mare.

Mendenhall Bros.: large quantities of hay, Feb. 17, 1908.

Pump house damaged, Dec. 24, 1908.

Parker, John: lot of hay; March 8, 1898.

Shepherd, L. L.: barn, Jan. 10, 1910, damaged.

Slater, John: lost several miles of fence, March 19, 1911.

Slater, John: tenant house, March 10, 1910.

Wilson, Wm.: residence, Nov. 9, 1908.

White, James: barn, Dec. 2, 1908.

Wiggles, ———: tenant house, Jan. 4, 1909.

Zachary, John: barn and much hay, March 19, 1911.

Given a Lemon—Why?

During the last few years there has been no subject more widely discussed than that of Good Roads. And while there has been some excellent roads and many good ideas how to make them, but none suggests a way whereby such enterprise might be financed and perfected. This is where we are deficient and by the foresight of the cities of our state the rural districts are as much behind as we were before we created a large revenue for that purpose. While perhaps it is not generally known outside of the cities that the law on the statutes of our state read to-wit:

Sec. 11916 Laws of 1909, P. 708 in part. "When the citizens and county or district have provided one-half of the necessary funds for such construction and improvements, then the county court or properly constituted authorities of the districts by the proper order or ordinance make a requisition for their proportionate share of the General State Road Fund each year and shall be entitled to withdraw and receive the same in the manner herein provided" to-wit: "When such fund is used for the construction of permanent and continuing improvements," and are hereby defined to be the surfacing of any road with gravel and rock, or with a well constructed mixture of sand and earthy material, commonly termed a sand clay road."

So you see my dear ruralist how the legislators of the cities handed us one when they passed the Automobile Law at the last session of the legislature, whereby the state collects all automobile license and created a substantial road fund. Now it is up to us to start a road as required by the state or get all the rural districts and auto clubs in such districts to work together and get the new law revised to read something like this: "That all motor vehicle license tax is to be collected and expended in the county in which such license is paid." This will help solve the problem of good roads, and give us the satisfaction of expending our own money on our own roads and not on roads around the cities.

DUSTY ROADS.

Down in Platte.

A goodly portion of our population took an excursion to Platte City, this week. They went over the same railroad but were divided into two divisions. One was headed by Charles Patterson, Jr., and the other by W. D. Morge. They go on invitation from the sheriff.

In the summer of 1908, Charles Patterson, Jr., and Mr. Morge lived as neighbors, just south of Oregon. They got into a quarrel, and it is said the latter got the worst end of the melee. Morge brought suit against Patterson for \$10,000 damages. The case went to Platte county on change of venue, so they all went down to take a hand in the matter. Frank Petree, of this city, and W. A. Blagg, of Maryville, represent Patterson, and Bridgeman, Martin and Stokes for Morge.

—Lawrence Kaucher and his daughter, Miss Mildred, of St. Joseph, enjoyed Thanksgiving dinner with his uncle and aunt, Frank Sutton and wife; Miss Mildred remained over for a few days.

SANITATION AND SEWAGE.

The New System—Septic Tank Being Installed at Our Court House.

The disposition of sewage has long engaged the inventive genius of man. He has burned it with fire, he has buried it in the ground, he has removed it out of the way places, he has poured it into lakes and rivers. He could comprehend the method of fire; but it was not easy to understand the processes that followed burial in the earth, exposure to the sun and air in desolate spots, or mingling with abundant waters. He has always known this, however, that it was better to resort to any of these methods than to leave waste matter to accumulate around his places of habitation.

It is only in recent years that the mystery of the decay of organic matter has been considerably cleared away by the researches of science. With each further step in the investigation, nature's machinery for dissolution has been found to be more and more marvelous. The foreordained function of this machinery is to take that from which life has departed and to disintegrate it so that the material thereof may be returned to nature's storehouse whence it came.

Less than a score of years ago a Scotchman named Cameron, acting upon the idea just enunciated, constructed an underground receptacle for sewage at a town in England and termed it a Septic Tank. Into it was poured through sewer pipes all the refuse of the community, the waste from the kitchen and the discharge from the closet, along with a sufficient supply of water for dilution; and the entire inflow was introduced in such a way as to produce but little disturbance in the tank. It was soon discovered that the outflow from the tank was an almost odorless stream of clear water, and there was no accumulation of solid matter in the bottom of the tank even after the lapse of several years. All sorts of material, including paper and bones, seemed to be liquified and changed into water. By and by it was observed that the surface of the pool was covered with a scum somewhat frothy but of a leathery consistence and having a thickness of two or three inches. Investigation proved these layers to be the homes of certain anaerobic microbes. They found therein the choicest kind of environment—they flourished, they multiplied; they sallied forth to attack and destroy all that came within their reach. The builder of the tank had simply provided them with a workshop void of air and light. In return for such a habitat they were doing the people of the community a splendid service, destroying all their sewage with the least possible offense.

This is the principle upon which the sewage of the court house is being constructed. As to its construction let us say: There are three separate holes in the ground, and are so walled up as to prevent caving in, and covered against the admission of air and sunshine, and provided with means for inflow and outflow.

The receiving vault or septic tank is divided into two compartments each 7 feet cube, with nine-inch walls and four-inch floor, with a six-inch reinforced steel top. Into the first chamber the matter is sewage into it and is known as the settling chamber; this is connected with the second chamber by an S-shaped duct. The so-called siphon is so set as to prevent discharge until it reaches a certain line, and the matter is then siphoned into the second chamber, where the work of destruction is carried on by anaerobic microbes, living on the solids, until its liquefaction is accomplished. From this it is taken to a third chamber in which is enclosed an automatic siphon which carries the sewage to the leaching cesspool; this is 8x29 feet walled with brick.

The capacity of the septic chambers is sufficient to accommodate about 400 persons constantly. It will be full most all the time and covered with a thick, leathery scum. This scum begins to form soon after the system is put in operation. Strange indeed is that formation, but it is no more mysterious than the mother of vinegar which is to be found on the surface after wine or cider has turned into vinegar. Anaerobic microbes were made for just such a place as this.

The cost of construction of this septic tank system of sewage will be about \$700, one-half of which will be borne by the citizens of Oregon, and the other half by the county. It will prove a great improvement over the old order of things.

The work is being done by the Oregon Pressed Stone Company.

November Weather.

The fall of 1911 brought us, strange to say, no ideal summer. November as a general rule has been ideal summer weather, but the rule has been broken, for winter really began on the 1st with freezing weather and some below, and on the 2d it went to 9 degrees above and on the 12th to 3 below zero. But once before has it gone below zero so early in the month—this was Nov. 8, 1856, when the mercury touched 1 below zero. On Saturday, Nov. 11, we had a genuine blizzard, the wind blowing a cold, raw wind from the northwest, accompanied by a heavy trace of snow which measured three fourths of an inch.

We have had just as early winters here before. In 1842-3 winter began on Nov. 11, and snow remained on the ground continuously until the middle of April. There was a thaw about the 1st of January, '43, and the river became free of ice, below the mouth of Tarkio, but closed again in a few days.

In 1855 winter started in Nov. 16, and ranged from zero to 23 below, Dec. 23 it was 16 below and on Feb. 9 it was 23 below. There were heavy snows throughout the winter, the first fell on the night of Nov. 15.

On Nov. 3, 1856, winter opened by a heavy snowstorm and the mercury went down to 29 degrees and we had no thawing weather until the middle of February, 1857. On March 1, 1857, it was 25 degrees, and winter started again with a heavy snow on the 2d which stayed on the ground until the 20th. This was followed by another freeze on April 5, and continued at freezing point until the 20th.

The winter of 1857-8 began November 10, with a severe snowstorm and mercury went down to 15 degrees, and on the 23d it touched zero. December of that year, however, was mild; bluegrass grew fine and the robins came.

Nov. 16, 1868, winter came in with a severe snowstorm which continued with intermissions until the evening of the 25th, with a total duration of 11 hours and a total fall of 9 inches. The winter of 71-2 began Nov. 18, with snow and the mercury tumbling down to 31 below on the 20th.

We cite these few instances to show we have had early winters before that of this year which really began Nov. 9, the thermometer touching 9 degrees above. Our winters really began about the last week in November. In 1894 it began on the 11th, 12 degrees; 1903, on the 18th, 10 degrees; 1906, on the 13th, 17 degrees; 1907, on the 13th, 18 degrees; 1908 on the 12th, 12 degrees; 1910, on the 5th, 19 degrees.

The normal temperature for November is 40 degrees; for 1911 the mean was 33 degrees—7 degrees below normal, and therefore goes on record as one of the very coldest Novembers ever known here.

The precipitation for the month—rain and snow was only .78 of an inch; which was lower in 1896, 1897, 1900, and 1910. This year the heaviest 24-hour rainfall was .35 of an inch on the 6th; on the 17th we had .4 of an inch of snow. As a general rule we have little snow in November—for the past 18 years 8 have passed without measurable snow. In rainfall, we usually have somewhere near the normal which is 1.68 inches; this year only .35 of an inch fell, while in 1910 only .20 of an inch fell—hence for the past two years the month has been very dry. In 1909 the rainfall was 4.41 inches.

A severe dust storm sprinkled with snow, prevailed here all of Monday and Tuesday, 27-28th.

The extremes for the month of November, 1911, have been:

Max.	Min.
6.....60	2.....9
9.....62	11.....7
11.....60	12.....3
16.....61	13.....7
17.....65	24.....9
30.....Thansk'g. 47	30.....21

Mean maximum, 46.

Mean minimum, 21.

Mean, 33.

Rain and snow precipitation, .78. Greatest in 24 hours, .35 of an inch on 6th. Snowfall, 1 of an inch on 17th.

Thanksgiving Day came on the 30th, the last day of the month, and never came later before. It is not likely to occur again in the lifetime of the present generation. It was an ideal day.

An earthquake was felt throughout Central Europe on the night of the 16th.

Tornadoes hit Central Illinois and Central Wisconsin on the 12th. Many lives lost, and great destruction of property.

—Miss Pearl Harding is visiting her sister, Mrs. Link Shaffer, this week.

GUY STANLEY IS MURDERED.

Guy Stanley is Shot By Frank Vest, While in Bed—Dies From Wounds.

Sunday evening last, Dec. 3, 1911, between 8 and 9 o'clock, Frank Vest, who resides four miles west and one mile north of Bigelow, fired three shots into Guy Stanley, which caused his death, in a short time, at the home of the former, while Stanley lay in his bed. Thus again, the fair, good name of Holt is smirched with another murder.

Vest is about 24 years of age, and lives on the old Vest homestead near Bigelow, and is married and has one child. Stanley is about 21 years of age, unmarried, and was in the employ of Vest as a farm hand. The former is the son of the late Ed. Vest, a well-to-do farmer of Bigelow township, who died several years ago, and the mother remarried and resides in Mound City. Stanley is the son of Charles Stanley, and both father and mother are dead.

It is said that on the evening of the shooting, Vest entered the room occupied by Stanley with a Winchester pump shotgun, and found Stanley lying in bed with some of the bed clothing about him. When within some eight feet of the bed, he raised his gun and fired three shots—so close was he that the wadding burned some of the bedding.

Vest will not talk much about the case, but it is reported that he said he killed Stanley because he had insulted his wife. Of the three shots fired, one entered Stanley's left arm between the elbow and shoulder; the other two entered the right side of the back, penetrating the right lung. Stanley lingered until about 11 o'clock Monday, December 4th, when he died.

Bigelow being without a constable, Vest called up Deputy Sheriff Charles Smith, of Mound City, and informed him of his act, and said to come and get him, which was done, and he was taken to Mound City, and brought from there to Oregon by Constable John Peters, and lodged in jail, where he will await the action of the coming January term of our circuit court.

Coroner Wyman, of Maitland, was notified, who went to the scene of the tragedy; he summoned a jury composed of Frank Bridgeman, John Gresham, Wilson Barker, A. J. Smith, Rev. Jellison and B. O. Atkinson. After an exhaustive examination into the case, they returned a verdict that the death was caused as above stated.

The body was then removed to the home of a sister, Mrs. Lokemper, some four miles from Bigelow, from whose house the funeral was held on Tuesday morning, the interment being at Mound City.

Mrs. Vest is greatly distressed over the tragedy, and is at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Coke Jackson, of the Big Lake.

THE SENTINEL abstains from publishing the various gossip pertaining to the case, giving only in brief the news that comes to us that we regard as strictly reliable.

Mustered Out.

Edward Kewen was born in the Isle of Man, March 21, 1830, and came to Holt county in 1843, and died near Oregon, Nov. 29, 1911, in the 81st year of his age. Funeral services were conducted from the M. E. church, by the pastor, Rev. L. C. Powell, on Nov. 30. Though not a member of the G. A. R., Meyer Post furnished a guard of honor, and a detail of the Sons of Veterans acted as pall-bearers. He served faithfully and well as a member of Company E, Capt. Evans' 25th Mo. Inf., which company afterwards consolidated with C. and G. of the Engineer corps, under Capt. John P. Morton. He leaves two brothers, residing in the Isle of Man, and a sister, who resides in Rockford, Ill. A nephew, a Mr. Goldsmith, of Rockford, was in attendance at the funeral. Though extremely eccentric and peculiar, he was ruggedly honest in his dealings with his fellow man; a brave and faithful soldier.

—Charles W. Lukens, who left a few weeks ago for Roseburg, Ore., where he joined his wife and daughter, who will spend the winter there, his daughter, Miss Mary, being a teacher in the Roseburg High school, has returned to Oregon, having been called back on account of business interests. He expected to remain there this winter, but it is doubtful now whether he will return to Roseburg.